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THE

*FAIR CIRCASSIAN.*

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# FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

Page



*Dissdale said*

*How fair and how pleasant art thou,*

*O love, for delights! Sol<sup>n</sup> Song Chap. 7. Ver. 6.*

Plate. 1.



THE

*FAIR CIRCASSIAN,*

A POEM;

IMITATED FROM

THE SONGS OF SOLOMON.

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IF A MAN WOULD GIVE ALL THE SUBSTANCE OF  
HIS HOUSE FOR LOVE, IT WOULD UTTERLY BE  
CONTEMNED.

*Sol. Songs, c. vii. v. 7.*

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HAT Solomon did not directly intend this as a kind of opera, or dramatic performance, to celebrate the exceeding happiness he enjoyed, in a mutual intercourse of pleasures with a woman of his seraglio, can be insisted on by no one who considers the nature of his own, and his father David's prophetic writings; where, though some other meaning than what appears, may be couched by a supernatural direction, yet the plain and obvious sense must be understood of their own affairs, and, by them suited to some particular occurrences of no extraordinary kind.

We will then endeavour to find out who the person was who has been distinguished by such a tender description, and warm representation of her own, and her royal master's passion.

This Sultana has been vulgarly supposed to be Pharaoh's daughter, because Solomon is recorded to have espoused such an one. I. Kings ch. iii. v. 1. and c. viii. v. 8. II Chronicles c. viii. v. 2.

That the Lady here introduced could not be that Egyptian princess, seems reasonable from hence; because she is characterized as a private person, a shepherdess, one who kept a vineyard, and was used ill by her mother's children, &c.

Therefore, as we have reason to conclude that this was not Pharaoh's daughter, we will next endeavour to shew who she was, and here we are destitute of any light, but what is afforded us by that little Arabian manuscript, mentioned in the Philosophic Transactions of Amsterdam, 1558, which was found in a marble chest among the ruins of Palmyra, and presented to the University of Leyden by Doctor Hermanus Hoffman: The contents of which are something in the nature of memoirs of the Court of Solomon;



## P R E F A C E.

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giving a succinct account of the chief offices and posts in his household, and the several funds of his royal revenue; of the distinct apartments in his palace; of the different seraglios, being sixty-two in number, in that one city.

Then there is an account given of the Sultanas; their manner of treatment and living; their birth and country, and some touches of their personal endowments; how long they continued in favor, and what the result was of the King's fondness for each of them.

Among those, there is particular mention made of a slave of more exceeding beauty, than had ever been known before; at whose appearance the charms of all the rest vanish'd like stars before the morning sun; that the King cleaved to her with the strongest affection; and was not seen out of the seraglio, where she was kept for above a month: That she was taken captive, together with her mother, out of a vineyard on the coast of

Circassia, by a corsair of Hiram, King of Tyre, and brought to Jerusalem. It is said she was placed in the ninth seraglio, to the east of Palmyra, which, in the Hebrew tongue, is called Tadmor: Which, without further particulars, are sufficient to convince us that this was the charming person, sung with so much rapture by the royal poet, and, in the recital of whose amour, he seems so transported, for she speaks of herself as one that kept a vineyard, and her mother's conducting her to one of the gardens of pleasure (as it seems she did on her first introducing her to the King) is here distinctly mentioned. I therefore conclude there can be no reason to suspect the fair Circassian, and the celebrated beauty in the song, for different persons.

☞ THE reader is notified that the Cantos in this Poem, answer to the chapters in Solomon's Songs : If any doubt, should arise, in his mind, respecting the justness of this paraphrase, he is requested to compare it with the original prose translation. A poetic licence was necessary in order to embellish and adapt the work to the present taste; but the leading ideas are preserved with great exactness.

EDITOR.

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THE

## FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

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### CANTO I.

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#### SAPHYRA.

O Love ! thy mighty burnings who can bear !  
What thirst, what fever, can with mine compare !  
With speed conduct me to the lovely swain  
That fires my soul, and causes all my pain.  
'Tis only that dear Youth, whose balmy kifs  
Can mitigate my smart with healing blifs.  
O ! come, my dearest, come, and hither bring,  
Thy lips adorn'd with all the blooming spring :  
A thousand sweets their fragrant atoms blend,  
Which, in a gale of joy, thy breath attend :  
Such soothing cordials to my soul apply ;  
Heal me with kisses, love, or else I die.  
With poignant tasteful kisses, such as thine,

B

Whose flavor far excells the richest wine.  
At the dear mention of thy charming name,  
The blushing Nymphs disclose their hidden flame :  
While Zephyrs bland, the pleasing accents bear,  
Perfumes are wafted through the gentle air.  
The powerful sound enchants the list'ning grove,  
And tender Damsels sicken into love.

Where e'er you go, where e'er your steps you move,  
Thither I'm hurried on the wings of love.  
His filken cords my yielding limbs enthrall,  
And I must follow my Beloved's call,  
But, while such mighty charms as his invite,  
My chains are transport, and my task delight.

What would my Prince, my lovely tyrant have ;  
Oh ! Whether would'st thou draw thy willing slave ?  
I see, I see, the willing doors unfold,  
The royal bed with raptures I behold.  
To thee my virgin blushes I resign,  
And spite of imbred modesty I'm thine.  
Ecstatic pleasure fills my gasping soul,  
As wines profusely pour'd o'erflow the bowl.  
O ! stay my fleeting senses and record,  
The bliss these momentary joys afford :  
Yes, to thy kind endearments I'll be true,  
And give thy wond'rous love its praises due.

Ye Tirzan Maids, whose skias allure the sight,  
With milky fields of pure unblemish'd white,  
My artless beauties, though compar'd to you,  
'They seem to fade and give a browner hue,  
Are beauties still, and only look less fair,  
Sun-burnt and tarnish'd with the noontide air.

I, of six daughters, was the latest born,  
My mother's darling, but my sisters' scorn ;  
My op'ning bloom, with jealous eyes they view'd,  
And fell revenge their envious minds pursu'd.  
Me, lonely to the distant hills they send,  
Helpless myself, the vineyards to defend ;  
Where southern blasts, and rays of scorching heat,  
Did on my face and tender bosom beat :  
Yet I, with patience, in their vineyards lay,  
Whole dewy nights, and watch'd them all the day :  
Ah me ! my own, but ill secur'd the while,  
To bold rapacious Love became a spoil.  
Rudely he leap'd, the mounds, the fence, destroy'd,  
Nor ceas'd till with the budding clusters cloy'd.

Tell me, my lovely spoiler, thy retreat ;  
I now forgive ; for, Oh ! the theft was sweet.  
If you, a Prince, will grace the shining court,  
Let me, your slave, among the train resort ;  
Or, if in Shepherd's weeds you'll humbly deign  
To feed your flock along the extended plain ;

Tell me, beneath what coolly spreading shade,  
At noontide hours, thy lovely limbs are laid ;  
Tell me, my charmer, lest I chance to stray  
Among the shepherd's tents, and loose my way.

---

ZEPHYRUS.

O fairest of thy sex ! to hear thy voice,  
The shepherds and their sheep alike rejoice,  
Whose bleatings from the plain salute thine ear,  
And tell the flocks and cottages are near,  
The little path their cloven feet have trod,  
Will bring thee to thy longing swain's abode :  
There may thy kidlings browse the shrubby green,  
And we lie shelter'd in the leafy scene.

How gracefully, my love, thy charms appear !  
How unaffected all thy motions are !  
Like art, thy very negligences shine,  
And beauty moves in every step of thine :  
So tread the manag'd steeds with comely gait,  
Harness'd to draw the gilded coach of state ;  
Whose easy shapes in just proportion rise,  
And gratify the pleas'd spectators eyes.  
Transparent pendants, with a brilliant light,  
Adorn thy cheeks and point them to the fight ;  
The chains that circle round thy neck with gold,  
In stronger links the fatal gazers hold.





# FAIR CIRCASSIAN.



*Isidore fecit.*

*A bundle of myrror is my well-beloved  
unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt  
my Breasts. Sol<sup>n</sup>. Song Chap. I. Ver. 13.*

Haste ! haste ! ye Nymphs, with curious fingers ply  
The loom, and interweave the various dye :  
Let flowers of silver round the borders shine  
Mix'd with a running train of golden twine :  
With these adorn my fair, for vulgar sight ;  
But me her native charms alone delight.

---

*SAPHYRA.*

How my perfumes, by close embraces prest,  
Fly out and hang upon my Charmer's vest !  
And while he banquets at the royal boards,  
To all around a fragrant scent affords :  
But, when in am'rous folds our bosoms meet,  
My Love, himself, is like rich odours sweet ;  
Grateful as myrrh, he dwells upon my breast,  
And sooths my panting soul to downy rest.

Who can thy manly graces truly paint,  
Or how describe, where all description's faint ?  
Thy charms the rest of human kind surpass,  
As loftier vines excel the lowly grass ;  
Or, as among the twisting vines are seen  
The cluster'd camphire, with superior green.  
Oh ! how transcendently my Love is fair !  
To paint his beauties, what shall I compare !  
How languishing his eyes ! like cooing doves,  
Emitting at each glance their mutual loves.

Behold, my life, our dear expecting bed,  
 With coverlets of lively verdure spread;  
 Columns of cedar, of the choicest grain,  
 In rows the filken canopy sustain;  
 Of inlaid furr the level floor; above,  
 The vaulted ceiling glows with pictur'd love.

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## CANTO II.

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### *ZEPHYRUS.*

A bloom like thine attends the vernal rose,  
 Such white the lilly of the valley shows;  
 As these among the briars distinguish'd stand,  
 So you excel the daughters of the land.

---

### *SAPHYRA.*

And you, my Prince, so eminently fair,  
 Above, the brightest sons of men appear,  
 As the pomegranate, with its golden rind,  
 Exceeds the neighbouring trees of sylvan kind,  
 Under his shade, with sweet delight I lay,  
 Protected kindly from the sultry day:



His fruits with eager appetite I eat,  
Indulg'd my taste and cool'd my fainting heat.

Me, and my charmer now, from noontide bowers,  
To spend in various scenes our blissful hours,  
Love, to the banqueting pavilion brings,  
And o'er our head, unfurls his trembling wings.  
His filken banner hovers in the air,  
And Love displays himself emblazon'd there :  
With feverish heat he seizes ev'ry part,  
Burns in my veins, and revels in my heart.  
O bring of cool sherbet, an ample bowl,  
Allay my flame, and pour it on my soul :  
My ebbing life with sprightly fruits repair,  
And sooth my raging breast, for love is there.

Yet Oh ! how soft, how pleasant is the bed !  
When on his arm I lean my love-sick head :  
On his left arm my love-sick head I place,  
His right infolds me with a warm embrace.  
Soft, I adjure you, by the nimble fawns,  
And hinds that bound across the flow'ry lawns,  
Ye sportive Damsels, that ye softly move,  
Nor with your voices wake my sleeping Love.

Hark ! thro' the dawn a heav'nly music breaks,  
It thrills my soul, for my Beloved speaks ;  
Up, like the bounding hart, he springs, he flies,  
And thro' the lattice darts his radiant eyes :

To me, he calls, arise ! arise ! my Fair,  
 Calm is the morning and serene the air ;  
 The wint'ry cold is gone, the genial spring  
 Provokes the flowers to blow, the birds to sing.  
 The wanton turtle, in the neighb'ring grove,  
 Sits cooing, and renews his tale of love.  
 Behold the pregnant fig begins to shoot,  
 The vine in clusters yields its purple fruit ;  
 All Nature smiling, welcomes in the day :  
 Arise, my lovely fair, and come away.

---

## ZEPHYRUS.

From the cool grottos of the rock I hear  
 My Charmer's voice, and blest my ravish'd ear.  
 Come forth, my dove, complete the Swain's delight,  
 And give thy beauteous person to his sight.

Haste, haste, ye nimble hunters, spread the net,  
 With many a toil the vineyards round beset ;  
 The wily foxes take, and from the vines  
 Avert the little vermine's fell designs :  
 Our vineyards now their noblest grapes produce,  
 The ripen'd clusters swell with purple juice.

---

## SAPHYRA.

I am my Prince's, and my Prince is mine,  
 Link'd with a mutual love our hearts combine.

## CANTO II.

15

Among the lilies he abides all day,  
Himself as fair, himself as sweet as they.

The dews descend, the dusky clouds arise,  
Night draws her sable curtain o'er the skies :  
Return, my wandering paramour, return ;  
With me repose, and wait the coming morn.  
Fly to my arms, and let thy nimble speed,  
The mountain roe or the wild hart exceed.

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## CANTO III.

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### *SAPHYRA.*

The busy world is hush'd in silent night,  
The silver moon displays her paler light ;  
When sleepless on my bed I lie alone,  
For Ah ! the partner of my soul is gone.  
In vain I send my searching hands around,  
My lovely wanderer's no where to be found.  
Inward I grieve, and with confused haste  
My mantle o'er my shoulders slightly cast,  
Then thro' the city run with eager pace,  
And seek my fugitive from place to place.  
Breathless and faint I range o'er every street  
And move, with pain, my tender falt'ring feet.

The nightly watch I hail, and thus enquire,  
Saw you, the object of my soul's desire ?  
They knew not of him : Scarce from them I pass'd,  
But straight I found, and held my Charmer fast.  
Around his neck my longing arms I flung,  
Flew to his lips, and on his beauties hung :  
Then to my mother's house my captive led,  
And fondly drew him to the genial bed.

Ye daughters of the land, pass gently by,  
Behold my love, but with a silent eye :  
I charge you, by the hinds and forest roes,  
Not to disturb him in his soft repose.

See ! from the secret bower of love he comes,  
The ambient air is filled with his perfumes ;  
Where-e'er he goes, he breathes a spicy breeze,  
And wafts ambrosial fragrance thro' the trees.

Behold his bed ! the guards around it stand,  
Threescore the stoutest sons of all the land :  
Their valiant breasts are stamp'd with many a scar,  
At home rever'd, and terrible in war :  
Each on his thigh, a mighty sabre wears,  
To free the night from false alarming fears.  
Pillars, with silver cornice wrought above,  
Whose base is gold, sustain the rich alcove :  
Sweet woods of Lebanon the frame compose,  
The lofty canopy with purple glows :



### CANTO III.

17

The middle pav'd with downy love invites  
The virgin nymphs to taste its soft delights.

Approach fond maids and see my lovely king  
Crown'd with the beauties of the gawdy spring,  
The garland, his indulgent mother wove,  
Against the solemn festival of love.

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### CANTO IV.

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#### *ZEPHYRUS.*

Your envious thoughts conceal, ye rival throng,  
And while I sing my fair, attend my song ;  
Her dovelike eyes, ten thousand charms dispense,  
Breathing at once both love and innocence.  
Behold ! adown her neck the wavy locks,  
Frisk, like exulting kids o'er Gilead's rocks.  
Her iv'ry teeth in beauteous order stand,  
Like sheep new wash'd and whiten'd o'er the strand.  
When, dropping from the floods their snowy skins,  
Each with her lambs appears, and each with twins,  
Her lips like threads of scarlet brightly glow ;  
In sweetest sounds her moving accents flow.

Around her cheeks soft circling tresses shine,  
Just as the tender ringlets of the vine  
Round the plumb-fruit their wanton curls entwine.  
Her marble neck the sparkling gems adorn,  
As blazing phosphor gilds the rosy morn,  
Shap'd like the lofty tower in Sion's fields,  
Studded and hung with warriors mighty shields.  
Her breasts, where Love and all his graces dwell,  
Pregnant with bloom and rip'ning beauties swell;  
Like young twin roes that graze the verdant meads,  
With buds just sprouting from their velvet heads.

Hence to the hills of myrrh I'll haste away,  
Where spicy breezes round my head shall play;  
There spend in gentle dreams the gloomy night,  
Till morning sun restores his golden light.

From rocky Lebanon return my love,  
To Hermon's dewy hill and Shenir's grove.  
See from Amana's green and shady brow  
The distant prospect of the vales below.  
Securely hence the spotted leopard view,  
Nor fear the rugged lion's brindled hue,

O maid divinely fair! whose every part,  
Like point'd light ning melts my ravish'd heart;  
Fill'd with your love I loathe the charms of wine  
Nor for the vineyard's purple stores repine;

So sweet you breathe that wheresoe'er you go,  
The gales of spicy Saba seem to flow.

Thy kindly lips, a luscious juice distil,  
And every kiss with liquid honey fill :  
With scent of Lebanon thy vesture crown'd,  
Scatters reviving odours all around :  
The various sweets which feed the thymy bee.  
My dear, my lovely princess, are for thee.

The garden thus, some spot of pleasure lies,  
Enclos'd for privacy from vulgar eyes ;  
In thee, each flower uprears its colour'd head,  
Soft vernal airs the bloomy buds dispread ;  
Joys ever smiling in thy glances play,  
As trembling streams reflect the gilded day.  
Spikenard and cinnamon, that loves the vale,  
Rich rural fruits, in thee, their sweets exhale :  
Saffron, with Cassia's orient precious oil,  
Supply'd by blest Arabia's fruitful soil,  
Whose spicy rind, with smelling gum distent,  
Breathes thro' the air a kind balsamic scent :  
While fragrant dews in fleecy vapours rise,  
And balmy clouds perfume the azure skies.

---

*SAPHYRA.*

Awake O Zephir, or thou Southern breeze,  
In gentle murmurs fan the branchy trees :  
With soothing breath upon my garden blow,  
That grateful smells from every plant may flow.  
Let my Beloved, in the coolly shade,  
On beds of flowers repose his love-sick head ;  
Or with delicious fruitage please his taste,  
Be fill'd with joy, and bless the kind repast.

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CANTO V.

---

*ZEPHYRUS.*

Delights so sweet, the springs and grottos give,  
That in thy garden, I wou'd ever live.  
Where'er I turn enchanting scenes arise  
To glad my soul and entertain my eyes.  
I came my Fair, I came a willing guest,  
On thy delicious pleasant fruits to feast :  
Of gums and myrrh I rob'd each spicy tree,  
I sip'd the balmy labours of the bee.



For me the vine with purple clusters glow'd,  
With milk the nut, the peach with nectar flow'd ;  
O! here, my Fair, forever let us stay,  
And spend in love and wine the live-long day.

---

*SAPHYRA.*

I sleep but still my list'ning fancy wakes,  
A voice informs me my Beloved speaks ;  
" To thy dear arms, he cries, my lovely Fair,  
" Receive me from the dark inclement air ;  
" The vapours fall, the drisely dews distil,  
" The drops of night my locks with moisture fill ;  
" Arise my Fair, unfold the bolted doors,  
" Arise, 'tis I, thy wanderer implores.  
Alas! the darkning shades my sandals hide,  
My mantal's negligently thrown aside,  
Can I now find it? or defile again  
My feet just wash'd and from the bathing clean?  
Yet will I come all barefoot and undrest,  
And clasp thee dropping to my warmer breast.  
Upon the lock my prince's fingers move,  
The sound dissolves my pitying soul to love :  
I rose, I flew, with speed to let him in,  
But too much haste obstructed my design.  
O'er every bolt my wand'ring fingers stray,  
Perfum'd, and leave sweet odours by the way.

But when I open'd, Ah ! my love was gone,  
Tir'd out with my delay, he had withdrawn.  
Sore on my mind the disappointment hung :  
My soul regret and sharp vexation stung.  
Again my mournful voice I sent around  
But only Echo babbled to the sound ;  
Then madly thro' the silent street I ran,  
Hoping to find the dear excluded man.  
Alone I hurried on my giddy flight,  
Nor fear the lurking danger of the night ;  
The watch to whom I tenderly complain'd,  
With foul reproach my spotless honour stain'd :  
My loose attire the sentinels descry'd  
And rudely wou'd have drawn my veil aside :  
Pity my case ye virgins of the plain,  
Whene'er ye take, restore my wandering swain :  
For him I languish and my love-sick mind,  
Without his presence no relief can find.

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*CHORUS OF VIRGINS.*

How blest, how more than blest the happy swain,  
For whom so fine a creature can complain.  
Describe thou fair, this partner of thy breast,  
Shew us how he so far excels the rest ;  
O say what charms, with such superior grace,  
Finish his person and adorn his face.

---

SAPHYRA.

His face with far transcendent beauty glows,  
Than the rich standard in the squadron shows ;  
His charms such bright distinguish'd luster wear,  
Among ten thousand he'd the chief appear.  
A youthful red with intermingled white,  
Sets off his features in a pleasing light ;  
Shining his hair, and of a raven black,  
In waving ringlets falls adown his back :  
Arm'd with a tender languishment his eyes,  
Please while they wound, and kill without surprise ;  
So soft and so alluring, turtles look,  
That bill and coo beside the purling brook.  
His blooming cheeks resemble vernal flow'rs,  
Warm'd with the sun and plump'd with April show'rs.  
His melting lips like new-blown rose-buds meet,  
Bedew'd and dropping with a balmy sweet.  
But Oh ! his fragrant kisses who can tell !  
So much beyond description they excel.  
Where can his matchless hand a rival find ?  
So turn'd the fingers, and so fitly joined !  
Rings for embellishment by some are worn ;  
His finer hands the very gems adorn.  
His skin like polish'd iv'ry smooth and fair,  
His veins like rows of inlaid sapphires are,

His shapely legs, like marble pillars, hold  
The fabrick rising from a base of gold.  
His form a prospect so inviting wears,  
As crown'd with cedars Lebanon appears,  
When with the sloping sun 'tis gilded bright;  
And blesses with its smiles the distant sight.  
Such is my love, ye virgins, such the Swain;  
That gives me pleasure with alternate pain.

---

## CANTO VI.

---

CHORUS

Bright maid, Ah! whither is thy charmer gone,  
And left thee here, defenceless and alone?  
Tell us, that we may range the streets, the grove,  
Or garden, till we find the man you love.

---

## SAPHYRA.

Sure to the garden he has bent his flight,  
For there's his pleasure and his soul's delight;  
Nor wonder that all night he revels there,  
A wilderness of spice perfumes the air;  
Citrons above, and fragrant flowers beneath,  
In every walk their grateful odours breath:



Fruits with delicious pulp his thirst appease,  
And rising lillies form his couch of ease.  
Happy, if while he views the pleasing scene,  
Some tender thoughts of me break in between.

---

*ZEPHYRUS.*

What other object can admittance find,  
While you, dear bright idea, fill my mind.  
Should Tirza with her gilded turrets rise,  
The landskip paint, and mingle with the skies;  
Place but my Fair, my beauteous princess near,  
Her charms the finer prospect would appear.  
Should armies march along in meet array,  
Their spears advance, their ensigns wide display;  
Her eyes wou'd more exalted glories dart,  
With more surprise wou'd thrill the gazer's heart.  
Nourish'd by their propitious beams I live,  
Yet scarce can bear the splendor that they give;  
So shines the morning sun with kindly light,  
But who can view his blaze without an aching sight?  
Unnumbered females, of a form divine,  
The soft seraglio's private walls confine;  
Where blooming virgins ripen to desire,  
And bright Sultanas glow with practis'd fire:  
Oft, as I sigh amidst the beauteous throng,  
For all by turns, but not for any long,  
From charm to charm with eager gust I rove,  
Resolv'd to taste variety of love;

But soon as I behold the heavenly fair,  
My wandering fancy stops; and settles there :  
The beauties of the sex I find in one,  
For she's a magazine of charms alone.  
'The slighted nymphs yet bless her with their voice,  
And envy's self approves the happy choice,

But who is this, that with her glorious eyes,  
Looks like the morn and emulates the skies ?  
Fair as the morn reflecting silver light,  
Strong as the golden sun and beamy bright.  
So glittering spears that gild the dreadful war,  
With fatal gleams shine trembling from afar.  
Down in the grove of Spices as I stood,  
To view the rising flowers and pregnant bud ;  
The trees in verdure green, with bloomy shade,  
And mingl'd light, a lively landskip made ;  
Yet when her distant eyes like stars appear,  
My ready senses start and centre there :  
Wing'd with desire, my soul out-flies the wind,  
And the bright scene neglected leaves behind.

## CANTO VII.

## ZEPHYRUS.

Her slender feet, most lovely to behold,  
Are cas'd in purple buskins wrought with gold ;  
Her well turn'd legs and full proportion'd thighs,  
Charm by degrees, and with new beauty rise ;  
The joints with dimples smiling ; and above,  
The spring of bliss, the bubbling fount of love.  
Plump is her belly, but how smoothly plain !  
Like fields of wheat impregnated with rain ;  
White as the silver lilly's snowy bloom,  
Swelling with dew, and fragrant with perfume.  
Her even breasts, like the roe's younglings play,  
And panting, bound luxuriant as they :  
Like velvet buds the crimson nipples rise,  
Firm to the touch, and grateful to the eyes.  
Fair as an ivory column's tow'ring height,  
Her lofty neck advances to the sight.  
Her eyes reflect the fountain's limpid hue,  
Clear as the sky and of a heav'nly blue,  
Like beams of milder light, divinely fair,  
Bound back and braided shines her silken hair.  
The king, in passing, her bright form admires,  
And feels within his breast, soft kindling fires ;  
Held in the galleries a slave to love,  
Intent he gazes, and forgets to move.

How fair art thou, my queen, thy charms how bright !  
For pleasure form'd, and finish'd for delight.  
Tall as the palm thy mien, thy juicy breast,  
Like clustering grapes, inviting to be prest.  
Let me the straight the stately bole ascend,  
Grasp'd in my arms the blooming boughs shall bend ;  
The clustering vine in my embrace shall bleed,  
And on thy fragrant balmy breath I'll feed.  
Thy lips, whose taste exceeds the richest wine,  
Shall feast my palate and my bliss refine ;  
Thus with new pleasure will our joys prolong,  
Make dulness brisk and wearied nature young.

---

*SAPHYRA.*

Thy transports, Love,, with what delight I hear !  
Such fondness ravishes my list'ning ear.  
With thee I'll range the distant lonely fields,  
Where the fresh spring eternal pleasure yields ;  
Where the low village, free from noisy strife,  
Unheeded drinks the real sweets of life.  
There let us lodge and with the morning sun,  
Our course of pleasing toil together run ;  
Observe the vine its tender bud disclose,  
How with young bloom the new pomegranate glows.  
How rip'ning fruits in embryo appear,  
The grateful prospect of a plenteous year ;  
There, on some bank reclined, whilst overhead,  
Embow'ring jasmynes their sweet odours spread.



Clasping and claspt with ever twining arms,  
Unenvy'd I'll enjoy thy manly charms :  
Give up my hidden beauties to thy sight,  
And die in extacies of full delight.

---

## CANTO VIII.

---

*SAPHYRA.*

Oh ! that thou wert, as once my brother was,  
Free and familiar to my fond embrace ;  
When smiling both, both innocent and young,  
One breast we suck'd and on one bosom hung.  
Then without shame, I'd publickly employ,  
Each passing minute to improve my joy.  
Grasp thy dear hand, and with a sister's kiss,  
Uncensur'd steal a momentary bliss ;  
And when impatient of the raging fire,  
A mutual sense should prompt us to retire.  
Fearless I'd lead thee to my mother's bed,  
And on thy bosom lay my raptur'd head :  
By her instructed in the arts of love,  
My passion might with aptest graces move ;  
While rich collations, crown'd with cordial wine,  
To feed our flame, like fuel, shou'd combine.

Begone ye female slaves, my voice obey :  
 Fly, and attend with silence far away :  
 Perhaps my Love, to solitude inclin'd,  
 In gentle slumbers will indulge his mind.

---

*ZEPHYRUS.*

Lean on my arm, on me thy head recline,  
 The care to guard my Charmer's steps be mine :  
 Thy posture now revives the pleasing thought,  
 [ How thou wert first to my embraces brought.  
 Beneath a lofty cedar's gloomy shade,  
 On the green turf my languid limbs were laid :  
 Thy mother came, and lo ! she led along,  
 Her dear Saphyra, beautiful and young ;  
 When straight she gave thee to my longing side,  
 And I with ardour seiz'd the blushing bride.  
 The rest is past description—— ; now no more,  
 Love was outrageous, for his fit was o'er :  
 I rais'd thee fainting from the fragrant green,  
 The conscious print among the flow'rs was seen ;  
 My arm, as now, sustain'd thy lovely frame,  
 Sweet was the pleasure then, and now the same.

---

*SAPHYRA.*

Light of my life, Oh ! take me to thy heart,  
 Nor ever with thy fond Saphyra part :  
 Oh ! Seal me, stamp me on thy tender mind,  
 And leave the strong impression deep behind.

For love, like death, his sceptre sternly sways,  
Whene'er the tyrant calls, the slave obeys.  
His passion, turn'd to jealousy, will rave,  
Fierce as a whirlwind, cruel as the grave ;  
For ever burnt and burning with desire,  
As coals that glow with unconsuming fire.  
Let gushing brooks and swelling torrents roll,  
Their cooling waters o'er the love-sick soul ;  
Yet will survive the bright unsullied flame,  
Its vigour lively, and its heat the same.  
Ransack the solid globe for wealth and sweep  
The secret valleys of th' unfathom'd deep ;  
Give all to love, and bribe him to be kind,  
Yet still you'll feel his fetters on your mind :  
Whate'er you stake, his value's still above,  
And nothing balances, but love for love.

---

*ZEPHYRUS.*

Then be it publish'd thro' the spacious east,  
How much, how dearly Zephyrus is blest.  
Shew how his palaces and temples rise,  
With glittering roofs aspiring to the skies ;  
Paint his fair gardens, and disclose the groves,  
The private scenes of his repeated loves ;  
The purling falls of water to invite  
Soft slumbers, and divert with fresh delight :  
Describe his iv'ry throne, his pompous state,  
With all the gaudy names that sound him great



But tell the world that these are trifling things,  
 Compar'd to her from whom his pleasure springs;  
 For grandeur and for glorious fame design'd,  
 To awe the vulgar and amuse mankind.  
 Mere bubbles made for wonder and for shew,  
 His real joys from dear Saphyra flow.  
 And left the dazzling mines, from Ophir brought,  
 That after ages might suggest a thought,  
 That he who could command so rich a prize,  
 Might well be blest, might well be counted wise:  
 Let future times in lasting verse be told,  
 His fair one made him happy, not his gold.

---

*SAPHYRA.*

Sweet are the accents of thy heavenly voice!  
 The groves are pleas'd, the listening swains rejoice;  
 The little birds suspend their fluttering wing,  
 Hover in silence, and forget to sing.  
 Once more, with that enchanting music cheat,  
 My longing soul, my fond expecting ear:  
 O! come, with all thy dear delightful charms,  
 Rush on my breast, and dart into my arms;  
 O! haste, my life, and with thy nimble speed,  
 The mountain roe, or the wild hart exceed.

*F I N I S.*

